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Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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The Lute.

BY L. E. L.

Oh! sing again that mournful song,
That song of other times!
The music bears my soul along
To other, dearer climes.

I love its low and broken tone;
The music seems to me
Like the wild wind, when singing lone,
Over a twilight sea.

It may not sound so sweet to you,
To you it cannot bring
The valleys where your childhood grew,
The memories of your spring.

My father's house, my infancy,
Rise present to my mind,
As if I had not crossed the sea,
Or left my youth behind.

I heard it, at the evening's close,
Upon my native shore;
It was a favorite song with those
Whom I shall see no more.

How many worldly thoughts and cares
Have melted at the strain!
'Tis fraught with early hopes and prayers—
Oh, sing that song again!

Books.

"A substantial world, both pure and good,
Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness can grow."

Books are the most faithful companions in the life of every cultured man. Parents die and seem forgotten; friends prove recreant, and leave aching solitudes in his heart; wife and children may be swept away by a pestilential scourge; misfortune may waste his means and bring low his body with disease; but as long as his mind remains unshaken he can find consolation, forgetfulness and pleasure in his books. The reasons for this are found in the books themselves; in the same general qualities that all good books seem to share.

They are, in the first place, intellectual; in their source, their making, and their reception. Moreover, so rapid is the multiplication of books, and so merciless the sifting of time, that when a book continues long in general circulation we may conclude that its source is in one of the *best* intellects of its age. Should this intellect be of so high an order as to be called genius, so much greater will be the value of the book. No one, indeed, can clearly tell us what genius is; and in this century of bombast and little learning, it is still harder for us to even know who, among the great minds of the world, deserve the title. But all acknowledge that there are a number of men, like Shakespeare, gifted by God in a special and wonderful manner; and did books no more than hand down their precious thoughts for the instruction of posterity, their pre-eminent usefulness would be firmly established, and their attraction for all thinking men easily understood.

But resulting from their intellectuality is the immortality of books. Centuries ago, blind Homer travelled over the plains of Greece, singing the WRATH OF ACHILLES. He lived, sang and died, as many bards had done before; but his song, like the sceptre of Agamemnon, is ever imperishable. The national pride of cultured Greece, it has been handed down with reverence and loving praise; through the poets and orators of Rome, through the monks of early Christendom, through the students of modern Europe, it has come to us crowned with laurel wreaths from every race and every clime.

"Usque ego postera
Crescam laude recens dum capitolium
Scandet cum tacita virgine pontifex,"

sang the laughing Horace in his most bombastic strain. And lo! the Roman capitol has crumbled into dust; the old religion has faded away like an ill-burning candle before the noonday sun; Rome, as the poet knew it, has perished long ago; but the words of Horace are read to-day wherever the pioneer's axe has made a clearing, and, in their living freshness, will be ever dear to all who yearn for beauty and for wisdom.

Another reason that books never tire is, that they tell us not only of the thoughts of men, but of men themselves:

"The proper study of mankind is man,"

with all its various shades of meaning, has passed into a proverb. The world's history has been

poorly written, but still much may be learned from its ample page. It is, at least, the link that binds the great human family together, asserting the brotherhood of us to-day with the many who have gone before, giving promise to the leaders of the present that the great heart of posterity shall beat the quicker for the deeds that they have done. By history and the works of a few philosophers can all nations work in one great plan, and each generation, the heir to all the rest, add to the intellectual and material progress of mankind. But, independently of formal history, books give us ample material for the study of men. Had we nothing more than the plays of Shakespeare to bring in support of our assertion it would pass unquestioned; but from the "Canterbury Tales," in the eleventh century, to the "Mill on the Floss," in the present day, there have been issued in our own tongue, a thousand works that form a glass to mirror man unto himself, to show to him the most mysterious depths of human nature all about him.

It must be plain, from these three qualities we have mentioned, that books are not only *faithful* but *ennobling companions*. They appeal to the higher part of man; they bid him look upon himself and those about him, and, as his particular bent may be, turn his mind to beauty, to goodness, or to truth. The "Evangeline" of Longfellow, the "Imitation" of à Kempis, and the "Sum" of St. Thomas, apparently so widely different, are aiming at very kindred ends. Then, if books be companions of whom we never tire, and whose influence is to elevate our minds, the pertinence of this subject for an essay will be clearly seen. But the subject is so vast that in our consideration of literature, both sacred and profane, we can mention but few individual books, and speak but very briefly on the characteristics of literary excellence.

First in the sacred literature of the world stands the Bible,—THE BOOK. O simple and all-sufficient name! O divinely simple and all-sufficient book! All find in thee an inexhaustible treasure. The student, seeking for literary excellence, is lost in admiration. Commands alike his reverence the purely sublime narration of the great Law-Giver, the wonderful wisdom of the Proverbs of Solomon, the weird and terrible pathos of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, the mystical song of Isaiah, the blinding terrors of the Apocalypse, and the charming beauty of the Gospel narrative. But the heavily laden, be it with sin or sorrow, care only for the last-mentioned part; and, receiving consolation from the lips of the mild Saviour, close its worn leaves with lightened hearts. That the Bible is first in sacred literature is self-evident; and few will deny that (prescinding from its divine origin), as a mere work of art it holds the same rank in the profane literature of the world. The Hebrew poetry of the Old Testament stands alone, as metal that has passed with undiminished value through the fire of translation. But it forms but a part of this great and wonderful book. One great proof of its literary value is its reproduction in the works of those who deny its supernatural inspiration. Often this reproduction

is a nearly direct quotation of sentiment and expression; oftener the reproduction extends only to the former, and then claims for itself the merit of originality. We hear a great deal to-day of the "Religion of Humanity" and the "Brotherhood of Man"; but I have yet to hear of one aspiration of real truth and beauty, that the most ardent adherent of humanitarianism can express, that will not be found more clearly and forcibly said in the words of the Man-God. Again, novelists and poets condemn society's merciless treatment of fallen women; but what rebuke so scathing as that given to the Judæan populace: "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone"? The Bible is, indeed, the book of the world,—

"Unde nil major generatur ipso,
Nec viget quidquam simile et secundum."

Yet, as after Jove, Pallas occupies *proximos honores*, so after the Bible the next work in sacred literature is "The Imitation of Christ," by Thomas à Kempis.

There need be little said upon this famous work. Not only is it the constant companion of every thoughtful Catholic, but Protestants and agnostics alike chant its praises. It was found beneath the pillow of the dead George Eliot, who in life had said:

"It was written down by a hand that waited for the heart's prompting; it is the chronicle of a solitary, hidden anguish, struggle, trust and triumph; not written on velvet cushions to teach endurance to those that are treading with bleeding feet on the stones. And so it remains to all times a lasting record of human needs and human consolation; the voice of a brother who ages ago felt and suffered and renounced, in the cloister, perhaps, with serge gown and tonsured head, with much chanting and long fasts, and with a fashion of speech different from ours, but under the same silent, far-off heavens, and with the same passionate desires, the same strivings, the same failures, the same weariness."

After the Bible and à Kempis, which king and peasant, philosopher and child can read together, sacred literature must be divided into works meant for philosophers and theologians, and those written for general circulation. We prefer to consider only the second class, in which, at the summit, stand the "Confessions of St. Augustine." They have been read by millions; and their influence on profane literature has been far from small. We open Longfellow to find the well-known "Ladder of St. Augustine," commencing:

"Saint Augustine! well hast thou said
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame."

And the Poet Laureate thus begins his famous "In Memoriam":

"I held it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

Passing over a few translations from Greek and French preachers, I think that all the sacred literature (except the above-named works) known by reading Americans is included in the works of English and American clergymen of the past fifty or seventy-five years. Everybody, of course, is

supposed to have read Cardinal Newman: since the death of Eliot and Carlyle all admit that he is the greatest of living prose writers. Cardinal Wiseman is universally read and admired; so, too, by a smaller circle, is his successor, Cardinal Manning. Fully equal to any of the three is Father Faber, whose many books with their characteristic titles have attained a large circulation on either side of the Atlantic. In America, we have the Kenricks, Spaldings, Bishop Ryan, Dr. Brownson, Fathers Hecker, Kent Stone, and a host of others. As a rule, they write exceedingly well. But however admirable their books, perhaps more useful and of as high literary merit, are the bouquets of Christian flowers gathered periodically by magazines like the *Quarterly*, *Catholic World*, and the less pretentious, though probably more widely-circulated, "*Ave Maria*."

In leaving the subject of sacred literature, it is to be noticed that only those books will accomplish much which, viewed from a merely secular standpoint, are worthy of praise. We are prone, in considering our authors, to take the will for the deed. If we are to have a Catholic literature, it must be able to meet respectable rivals on their own ground. It is for this reason that too much praise cannot be given to Cardinal Wiseman's "*Fabiola*"; for though, as a novel, it has many defects, still it is on the whole very good. Indeed, when we consider the character of the author, the aim of the work, and the disadvantages of the tale with regard to time and place, we are struck with admiration and astonishment.

In considering profane literature, space forbids us to mention, save incidentally, any individual books even of the highest merit. We purpose merely to consider what constitutes the excellence of a work in different departments of literature, and in so doing to discuss some queries that naturally suggest themselves to one asking "What shall I read?"

The excellence of any literary work depends upon the observance of certain immutable laws. These, it is plain, must be gleaned from the works of the best authors. But as our greatest geniuses in literature knew no model or no written rule, and yet for all generations have touched the hearts of their fellow-men, we must conclude that the laws they unconsciously followed are founded on the common nature of mankind. So far, all is easy; it is only when we attempt to reduce the practices of the masters to a code of rules, that the difficulty begins. Some one has said that the laws for determining the worth of a poem are as well fixed as those for ascertaining the height of a house, only they are not so generally admitted. And why? Because critics, in considering the masterpieces of literature, have generally mistaken accidental qualities—perhaps in themselves blemishes—for essential beauties. For example, the *three unities*, once so rigorously insisted on, are now considered as hindrances to dramatic composition. We once heard of a critic who had the matchless audacity to condemn the first book of "*Paradise Lost*," because it had more figures than a

corresponding part of the *Iliad*. Men of this stamp tried to make English literature of the XVIII Century hideous, by insisting that all poetry should be written in the smooth, antithetical couplet of Alexander Pope. It should not be inferred, however, that the changes of fashion affect either the immutability or the force of general laws; nor can anyone in writing or criticising disregard them. On the other hand, though there be laws, it is as yet too early in the history of literature to judge by rule alone. There is between these two extreme systems a golden mean; let the critic be guided both by feeling and by rule. A book is brought me to review: a glance shows it to be a character-novel. Now, I have in my mind an ideal of what a work of this kind should be; and my judgment is but a comparison. Then, in rendering my verdict, I may justify my standard by the practice of great authors, and by the guidance of my innate taste and cultured judgment. The standard—the ideal—must vary with the nature of the work we are reviewing.

Belle-Lettres are divided into poetry, history, the essay and the novel. It is our intention to say a few words on each of the four, as to their essential laws and divisions (which are the same for all nations); and as to their development and progress as parts of English literature. Poetry depends upon the imagination, and the power of "vividly uttering forth" what the imagination sees. In the primitive days of a nation the imagination holds absolute sway. Nature, to the barbarian, is an eternal poem; and were his language less rude, he himself would be the greatest of poets. After years go by, he has become more civilized; and language—the poet's tool—stronger and more copious. At a certain time, when much of the primitive imagination remains, and clear, forcible expression is possible, the great poet of the nation arises. In England, he was William Shakespeare. After the great poet has spoken, the imaginative poetry of a nation begins to decline; and after a period of literary decadence, the age of taste begins. This in England commenced with Pope, and the period between himself and Shakespeare in literary worthlessness has no parallel. This seems a bold statement, when it is remembered that "*Paradise Lost*" appeared in 1665. But that age cannot claim Milton. His writing at that time is the one great exception to the law of literary progress: a mystery that hardly knows solution.

At the commencement of the age of taste, poetry generally ceases to have a just claim to its title. The language is indeed more copious; but it is weaker. General terms and naturalized words are for the philosopher, not for the bard; yet the poets of our Augustan age neglected imagination altogether, aiming at mere elegance of diction and correctness of versification. To-day, we are nearer to Shakespeare than to Pope. And this naturally follows, for the *taste* which guides the poet becomes more and more refined, causing him to admire most the bard nature herself inspired, causing him to aim very high, and, in some degree, to realize

the ideal he admires. English literature is full of poetry. Chaucer and Spenser can be read even without glossaries; and from the time of Shakespeare there is no possible trouble in reading the myriad songs of the English bards. Shakespeare is a life study. De Quincey's essays are lying on our desk. We open the volume to find an essay, not on Shakespeare, not on the play "Macbeth," not on any one character, not on any one act, but pages of deepest thought—"ON THE KNOCKING AT THE GATE IN MACBETH." And in conclusion, he says the works of Shakespeare are "not, like those of other men, simply and merely great works of art; but are also like the phenomena of nature . . . to be studied with entire submission of our own faculties and in the perfect faith that in them there can be not too much or too little, nothing useless or inert."

Milton, too, must be read many, many times before his grand music can fill the soul. Pope is charged with wit and wisdom. Dryden is a satyrist comparable to Juvenal. Goldsmith wrote pieces of exquisite beauty. Johnson has given us admirable imitations of the Roman Swift. A little later, Scott, Shelley, Keats, Southey, Young, Prior, Wordsworth and Byron form perhaps the most brilliant constellation of poets that one nation in so few years will ever see. Byron's "Don Juan," it is to be regretted, is disfigured by a wanton coarseness; but the great part of his works can be read and re-read many times. His "Childe Harold" seems to me the greatest poem in the language since "Paradise Regained." In our own day, Tennyson, Longfellow, Swinburne, and Russell Lowell are the greatest poets. Macaulay and Bret Harte, with real poetic talents, took up other fields of literature. Poe, Whittier and Wilde, among so many abler poets, will scarcely be remembered. Nor have all our bards written in verse. Carlyle was born a wonderful poet; De Quincey, though he wrote in prose, must be named as one of our greatest poets. Poetry is the grandest of all arts; great poets are the first of men.

And now, we come to say a few words about history. It seems strange that though the requirements of the poet and the orator were known two thousand years ago by the rudest citizen of Athens, it was not till within the last fifty years that the end of the historian has been discussed, the difficulties of his office appreciated.

The first essential of a history is that it should be a faithful narration of events. But will ever any history meet this first requirement? Leaving all malice out of the question, a perfectly truthful history would be impossible. Macaulay, who, with a good heart and profound knowledge, wrote a very unreliable history, says that often one historian is less truthful than another because he tells more truth. If I paint a picture of the Lake, and instead of seizing upon the characteristic traits I attempt to put every drop of water and every blade of grass upon the canvas, I will not secure a faithful representation. The historian must possess many attributes of the poet and novelist. For example, to describe a battle is not to say how many

died on either side and who commanded, but to give the reader a picture instinct with realistic life. He must sketch characters not by a schedule of qualities, good and bad, but by opening for the reader (as in truth they were opened) the petal passions that are folded around the heart of his subject. Again, his narration is not confined to kings and to generals. If one writes the history of England, it should be the history of the English people. The "dignity" of history has all along been a false one. It is better to tell, for example, in the reign of the amiable Charley, how often a laborer's family got meat in the week, than to discuss the parentage of Nell Gwynne. But above all, the historian must be a philosopher of the highest order. It is because so great talents directly opposed to each other could hardly ever be united in one man, that we must despair of ever seeing a history, which, in its peculiar field of excellence, will correspond to the *De Corona* of Demosthenes, or the "Macbeth" of Shakespeare.

The third class of literary works, under the general head of *belle-lettres*, are essays. Here, again, we find no gap in English literature. By the essay, Addison and Steele taught the better classes of England how to read. Swift, Johnson, DeQuincey, Carlyle, Emerson, Thackeray, Lowell, and others, have used it with great power. To De Quincey's genius it was peculiarly adapted. Thackeray, so admirable as a novelist, was a remarkable essayist. His lectures on the "Four Georges" and "English Humorists of the XVIII Century" make up one of the most charming books in any library. There are passages in the lecture on Swift that fairly sear the soul; others, in his "George III" of strangely wonderful pathos; others, in his "George IV" of sarcasm unequalled in its burning scorn. The rules regulating the essay are to-day so general in their character, that some claim it is literally an essay, and that its form, like the "Point of View," by Henry James, may be a collection of letters on the same general subject. And one who has read both can see that there is no danger in classifying alike the essays of Mr. James and the "Clarissa" of Richardson.

And now a few words concerning the novel. There is a general prejudice against the reading of fiction; and it is true that not a half per cent. of the books called novels are fit to be read. Unfortunately, there is a popular demand for trashy novels which does not exist for bad poems and poor histories. But we are not, therefore, to conclude that a really good novel is not as worthy of study as a poem or a history. Indeed, what is a good novel but a history in small? You say that the people in the former never existed; but indeed they did. You or I, perhaps, never met them, but they lived for all that. I have seen Little Nell trudging over English meadows; I have seen Hester Prynne with the burning badge of shame upon her breast; I have seen Ethel Newcome, leaning on the arm of the grand old Colonel Tom; I have seen by Dorlcote Mill, where the Floss and Ripple meet, Tom and Maggie—boy

and girl—"roam o'er the dasied fields together." There is an artistic truth above all other.

The historian represents the life of a nation: how similar is the artist who represents the life of a man! Very nearly the same rules apply, but as can be easily seen the novelist can give a more complete obedience. Often, a half-educated person, who has read a few school histories of England, France and the United States, will gravely announce that it is a waste of time to read a novel when one might be reading a history. I will read Scott's historical novels for a month, and have vividly imprinted on my mind more historic scenes than he by the ordinary *histories* in a year. I will give him whatever historian he chooses, while I read Cardinal Wiseman's "Fabiola," and at the end of a week who will have the clearest idea of the Church of the Catacombs? I will give him three hundred pages in any history, while I read Thackeray's "Virginians." Unless his be a marvellous historian, I shall have learned more of human nature, more of men,—their habits, mode of living, thinking, eating and drinking—during the reign of Geo. II,—more of Virginian colonial life, more of the great men of that day, more of the Revolutionary war, more of the true source of Washington's greatness, than he. Yet "The Virginians" is not a "historical novel."

The essential law of the novel is to faithfully represent human life. But the novelist has wide license to inculcate any doctrine, and illustrate any truth. This goes to form the *essay* part of the novel. But there is also the poetic element. The Burial of Little Nell, the death of Mrs. Penderennis, the description which opens the "Mill on the Floss," the great storm in Blackmore's "Maid of Sker" are familiar examples. In drawing humorous characters, great license is allowed. Who would part with Squeers, Harold Skimpole, Jerry Cruncher, Silas Wegg, "Sairey" Gamp, and the inimitable Micawber?

We have only noticed, the reader will perceive, polite literature; and that but briefly. Romances, Allegories, Travels, etc., if not included strictly under any one of the divisions above made, are the mingling of two or more of them. Bunyan's "Progress," Swift's "Gulliver," and Irving's "Alhambra," are cases in point.

Here we must pause. Let us trust that in our schools and colleges English literature may soon gain its proper place; that boys, learning to love the best in literature, may abhor the bad; and almost unconsciously take that high place among men refinement gives, enjoy the lasting pleasures a cultured mind receives from converse with the thinkers of the world. Nor should they—the book-makers—be forgotten. Soldiers and statesmen have monuments of bronze with their exploits deep-cut in the virgin marble beneath; the giants in the world of letters, have for their monuments a myriad of words and deeds, fragrant with goodness, with beauty, and with truth; and on the pedestal of throbbing hearts beneath, this simple legend is inscribed: *Qui legit, regit!*

T. EWING STEELE, '84.

"University Life—Athens."

"Carolus's" sketch of "University Life in Ancient Athens," in the *King's College Record*, recalls to mind the chapter on "University Life—Athens," in Dr. (now Cardinal) Newman's "Historical Sketches." Of course, no comparison can be made between the brief, two-column article in the *Record* and Dr. Newman's more extended and charmingly written "sketches," but there are, nevertheless, traces of resemblance. Dr. Newman's key-note, for instance, is struck in Carolus's opening sentence. "University life in that ancient city, the capital of Greece, is a subject which must attract everyone who is interested in those higher seats of learning which are rightly called Universities, inasmuch as they include in their course of study *all* branches of knowledge." The latter clause is identical with Newman's idea of a University: "If I were asked to describe, as briefly and popularly as I could, what a University was, I should draw my answer from its ancient designation of a *Studium Generale*, or 'School of Universal Learning.' This description implies the assemblage of strangers from all parts in one spot;—*from all parts*; else, how will you find professors and students for every department of knowledge? and *in one spot*, else, how can there be any school at all? Accordingly, in its simple and rudimentary form, it is a *school of knowledge of every kind*, consisting of teachers and learners from every quarter." How much clearer is this than the idea generally prevalent, that a University necessarily implies a collocation of buildings, or colleges, and that without these there can be no University, merely a college,—as if brick and mortar were the first and chief constituents, and constituted a valid claim to the title. Athens—the "school-mistress of Greece, as Pericles called it—is taken by Dr. Newman as his ideal, his model for a University; Athens, a "tumble-down town," which in the age of Plato and Thucydides had not a bookshop in the whole place, nor a library until the time of Hadrian!

Athens, in its palmiest days, possessed not the advantages of stately edifices of brick and mortar; colleges or "Universities," as we now know them, were the inventions of many centuries later. In the "region of the schools," in "the *groves* of Academe," no awful arch, no window of many-colored lights marked the seats of learning. "Epicurus is reclining in his garden; Zeno looks like a divinity in his porch; the restless Aristotle, on the other side of the city, as if in antagonism to Plato, is walking his pupils off their legs in his Lyceum by the Ilyssus." Protagoras, pacing the porch at the house of Callias, draws distinguished auditors, who, "bewitched, like Orpheus, by his voice," hang upon his every word; while on the opposite side of the portico sits Hippias, with a bench of youths before him, asking him questions in physics and astronomy; Prodicus, also, at the house of Callias, is still in bed, with some listeners on sofas around him. Hippocrates, in the middle of the night, gets up and wends him to the house

of Socrates—a young man at the time—to tell him that Protagoras had arrived in town, and, banishing sleep, they talk till daylight, and then go to converse with the philosopher. Such was Athens, her schools and teachers, which for a thousand years drew the youth of the Western world, and which the most learned scholars of modern times take as their ideal of a university. B.

Art, Music, and Literature.

—P. Caussêque, a French Catholic missionary has published a French Grammar in Malagasy.

—A bust of Samuel Taylor Coleridge is to be placed in Westminster Abbey. An American admirer bears the expense.

—The Philological Society's English Dictionary is now done to An-, and Dr. Murray hopes to reach Ap- by midsummer.

—The Princess Louise, while in the Bermudas, composed the "Calabash Polka," which is to be produced by the orchestra of the Hamilton Foot Guards at the next state ball.

—The posthumous works of the late Friederich von Flotow are said to include two operas, two melodramas, two pianoforte concertos, a Mass, sixteen songs, and a bolero for soprano voice, which was his last composition.

—The Society of Hebrew Literature has come to an untimely end, after a somewhat spasmodic existence for about ten years. It is curious that Rabbonic studies seem to languish among Jews just at a time when they are more flourishing in the Gentile world.—*London Athenæum*.

—The editor of *The Century* has received a number of solutions of the riddle propounded by Mr. Frank R. Stockton, in his tale of "The Lady or the Tiger?" which appeared in the November *Century*. One of these is published in the June "Bric-a-Brac" of that magazine.

—The poet Whittier seems to have been sadly disturbed by the Carlyle letters. "So strongly have they affected me," he is reported as saying, "that I have set to work and destroyed the major part of my correspondence, covering a period of over fifty years, lest it should be published after my death and bring suffering to any. I wish that all of the letters that I have written could be treated by my friends in the same manner."

—Prof. Max Müller has contributed to a German periodical an article on "God Save the Queen" as a National Anthem for India," and added to a Sanskrit rendering of the hymn a translation of the Sanskrit letter with which he forwarded the version to the Brahmanic leader, Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen. It is said that the proposal to translate that national anthem into the vernacular languages has never struck root in India.

—The great critical edition of St. Bonaventura, upon which the Franciscan Fathers have been so

long engaged, is at length ready for the press. Preparations were begun, under the direct superintendence of the General of the Order, more than twelve years ago. A systematic search was instituted throughout Europe for manuscripts and early editions, and an immense amount of material was thus accumulated. The scope and the plan of the projected edition were elaborately described as far back as 1874 by the chief editor, Father de Fauna; but the progress of the undertaking was delayed by his death, and it is only recently that the first volume, to be followed by three others, of Bonaventura's Commentary on the Sentences has appeared. The publication of the remaining works will be carried on regularly. In appearance, as well as in scholarly editing, the Franciscan *Bonaventura* will be a worthy rival to the sumptuous *Thomas Aquinas* now being brought out at Rome under the special patronage of the Holy Father, the first volume of which has lately been issued from the Propaganda press.—*Catholic World*.

—Liszt's oratorio, "The Legend of St. Elizabeth," is, as its title indicates, based upon the well-known miracle of the Roses. The legend is one which touches our religious sympathies, and it seems quite natural that Liszt, whose religious tendencies are well known, was deeply interested in the composition of this oratorio. The music is beautiful throughout, and in many parts almost reaches the sublime. The short *Vorspiel* is opened with a quiet phrase by the wood and wind instruments; further on, a fine melody is introduced by the 'celli. The freshness of the opening chorus, "Willkommen die Braut," is particularly pleasing, and such a charmingly bright children's chorus as that which greets the arrival of the child bride is seldom heard. The orchestral accompaniment to this chorus is very delicately worked. The song of the crusaders and the instrumental march descriptive of their departure is strong and imposing. Perhaps the number which is of the greatest dramatic effect is that in the fourth scene where Elizabeth is driven from the castle during a terrible storm; and in direct contrast to this is the pitiful plaint of Elizabeth, the sympathizing response of the poor, and the beautiful chorus of angels which closes the scene. The last is with organ accompaniment. The sixth and last scene represents the services of the German and Hungarian bishops, during which Elizabeth is declared holy. The music is religious in character, and in the style of a church service. It forms a fitting close to the work.—*Condensed from the American Art Journal*.

Exchanges.

—The *Paper World* for June is not only, as usual, an epitome of all the business in its line, regarding paper, its materials, prospects, and the machinery used in its manufacture, but contains also an interesting review of late publications. Published by Clark W. Bryan & Co., Holyoke, Mass. \$2 a year.

—As we prepare for press—giving an early issue this week to make room for an account of Commencement in our next—*The Oscottian*, from St. Mary's College, Oscott, England, comes freighted with interesting matter, prominent among it the continuation of the history of that time-honored institution. *The Oscottian* in this number chronicles the death of four of its alumni. The printing of the magazine is greatly improved, giving it an agreeable *tout ensemble*.

—The "Citizens' Trip to Boston" in the May number of *The Wheelman* is splendidly illustrated. The "Doctor's Header" is extremely grotesque. The papers on "The Choice of a Tricycle" and the "Bicycle Coefficient of Safety" contain useful information. The rather dirty story of "A Flying Dutchman," is, we are happy to say, finished in this number. It is the only blot we have seen on the character of *The Wheelman*, which, in other respects, is all that could be desired.

—*The Wheel*, the official organ of the 'Cyclist's Touring Club, has been enlarged, and, from a literary point of view, much improved of late. Besides the usual "Wheel Gossip" and editorial matter in regard to 'cycling and 'cyclists, the editor has secured regular letters from various points and gives a weekly account of "Inter-Scholastic Games." The humorous engravings on the first page of each number of the paper, by "A. Wheeler," make splendid hits at what might, and perhaps sometimes do occur.

—*The Volante*, from Chicago University, has improved immensely over what it was a few months ago, and is now one of our most respectable exchanges. We are glad to learn that *The Volante* entertains a high opinion of the SCHOLASTIC, but we do not agree with its estimate of what it calls our "empty" names. We have no "empty" names here; everyone of our names is filled to the brim, and backed by a solid body ready to prove that there is more in a name than some empty-headed people imagine.

—Our old and respected contemporary *Rouge et Noir*, from Trinity College, Toronto, which has been with us for some time, is replete with interesting matter. From an article on "College Journalism" we learn that the Hon. W. E. Gladstone was in his school-days editor of the *Etonian*, and published in it some fervid poetry in praise of certain revolutionary heroes. Gladstone is a revolutionist at heart, but, with his hands tied by the House of Lords, is unable to bring about the reforms that he wishes, and which would greatly benefit the people of Great Britain. The article on "The Study of Apologetics" touches an important point. The writer says truly that it is the duty of every person, layman as well as cleric, to be able to defend the faith he holds against the attacks of the infidel skirmishers now to be met with on every hand.

—Our near neighbors, the editors of the *College Index*, Kalamazoo College, Michigan, issue a brilliant June number. The leading article,

"An Application of Natural Selection," by W. A. A., and the second one, "Rousseau's Influence on French Politics," by A. G. F. (A. G. Fuller, of '83, we presume), are a real treat; they are vastly different from the literary efforts usually found in college papers. We should like to meet the writers of these articles and give them a cordial grasp of the hand. They are evidently men above the ordinary run, with the genuine stamp of manhood. We learn with unaffected pleasure that the Exchange-editor of a paper publishing two such essays as those mentioned above thinks the SCHOLASTIC "an interesting sheet," and that it "ably represents its illustrious University." We have a large pile of testimonials to the work done in the SCHOLASTIC during the past year, but few which we value more highly than the brief, cordial one given by our neighbors of the *College Index*.

—The essays, or rather literary sketches, in the *Vassar Miscellany* are always attractive. They give evidence not only of good talent in the writers but also of a wide range of reading, and careful reading. The account of a Sunday afternoon at Vassar, given in the charming *De Temp.* notes, is just the kind of thing the average college student, male or female, likes to see in a college paper or magazine. We regret that no one ever thought of something of the kind for the SCHOLASTIC—perhaps next year's editors will take the hint. The Exchange-editor says: "At last America has a poet—a dramatist. He hails from Indiana, and the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC is his chosen medium of communication. Scoff and jeer, if you like. Tell us that we do not know a drama when we see it. It is a drama; we know it is. . . . If five acts, blank verse, and unity of subject, do not constitute a drama, what does?" We hope the conceited Eastern fellows will no longer ask if anything good can come from the West. The Vassar ladies have decided in the affirmative, and their judgment, as well as their taste, is beyond question.

—The *King's College Record*, which has within a few months taken the lead of the Canadian college papers, propounds the following conundrum:

"Taken altogether, the average Canadian College paper is away ahead of its American contemporary. (I suppose I am at liberty to use the adjective *American* as applicable to the American States.) Take the *'Varsity*, the *McGill University Gazette*, *Rouge et Noir*, the *Queen's College Journal*, and the *Dalhousie Gazette*, and let an impartial reader-judge of their respective merits as compared with the average American College paper. Mind I say *average*, because there are two college journals in the United States that are superior to ours, at least in their get up. But then we must remember that Canada is quite a young country, and does not make one-tenth the pretensions that our neighbors do. Unless there is a great advance all along the line, Canadians will soon outstrip the Americans in the race for wealth, culture and learning."

"Two college journals in the United States that are superior" to those of Canada! But which are they? We give it up. As most of the American college papers are more remarkable for conceit than for talent, we congratulate our esteemed Canadian contemporary on its tact in giving conundrums.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 634.)

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, June 16, 1883.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the SIXTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC Contains:

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Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame.

Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students.

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in class, and by their general good conduct.

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OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Our Staff.

GEO. E. CLARKE, '83.	WM. H. ARNOLD, '83.
ALBERT F. ZAHM, '83.	R. M. ANDERSON, '83.
T. EWING STEELE, '84.	J. LARKIN (Law), '83.

—A special number of the SCHOLASTIC will be issued on Thursday morning, June 21st. It will contain full reports of all the exercises of Commencement week up to the day of publication. We would ask all the students to assist us in making this number as interesting as possible, by sending us "Personals" and "Locals," *i. e.*, the names of friends and relatives visiting, and any interesting event happening. We will try to find space for everything. Please send your items "early and often," but not later than Wednesday, a. m. Put them in the box in the printing-office. Everybody welcome!

—Very Rev. Father General arrived here at Notre Dame early on last Sunday morning, after an unduly prolonged voyage across the Atlantic. In a previous number of the SCHOLASTIC, we had announced that he was expected on Tuesday of last week, and this announcement was based upon calculations made in regard to the time required for our swift vessels to return from Europe, with due allowance for *necessary delays* in the "lightning express" from New York. Despite all this, our predictions were not verified, and the reason therefor was graciously explained to us by the Very Rev. Father himself, shortly after his arrival.

In a few words—a breakage occurred in the ship's machinery, whilst off the coast of Newfoundland, which caused a delay of several days.

However, the length of expectation only added greater heartiness to the welcome which awaited the venerable Superior upon his arrival. And on Sunday morning, after due time had been given him for rest, Father General was accorded a reception by the students, all of whom were drawn up in front of the College, upon the balcony of which were gathered the Very Rev. Superior-General with his Very Rev. Assistants, the President of the University, and members of the Faculty. Addresses of welcome were read by Master A. A. Browne, of the Junior department, in behalf of the students, and Master B. Lindsey, who represented Father General's special favorites, the "Young Princes." Father General responded at length, thanking all for their manifestations of welcome, and expressing his own pleasure on his return to his "home upon earth."

Indeed, all could feel that such a return to Notre Dame, which Father Sorin had founded, and directed from its inception during its onward and upward course of development, must cause in him feelings akin to those of a devoted parent when returning to a beloved child after a prolonged absence. And reciprocally, all at Notre Dame, students as well as Religious, experience the greatest joy at the presence once more amongst them of their venerated Father, and hope that it may continue for many a day.

—On Wednesday last, an event of interest to all well-wishers of the University, took place. On that day work was begun upon the excavation for the foundation of Science Hall. Work upon the building, we are informed, will be pushed forward as fast as possible, and the much-needed accommodation then to be furnished for the students of the Scientific Course will soon be theirs. When the chancel and sacristy of the old church were fitted up—into what is now known as Phelan Hall—it was thought that most ample quarters had been provided for science's devotees. But with time, with that inevitable push onward and for better things characteristic of Notre Dame, she now will erect for her students in Science, a Hall that in thoroughness of equipment can hardly be excelled in this land.

We have been shown by Rev. Father Zahm, the untiring head of the Scientific department, the plans for the new structure, and they truly show us a most ample and most complete Hall of Science. The building—which will be 80 x 100 feet—will consist of two stories and a basement, in the Romanesque style of architecture. The basement will contain the engine-room, rooms for the department of mechanical engineering, for storage of chemicals and chemical apparatus, and a most complete metallurgical laboratory, with all necessary adjuncts. The first floor will contain the department of Physics and Chemistry, and a part of the Museum. On the south side will be found the Physical Cabinets, Laboratories and Lecture Room.

On the north will be seen the Chemical Lecture Room, balance rooms, and Laboratories of the classes of Analytical Chemistry. The centre of the building, lighted from front and top and rear, will be the first floor of the Museum. In the rear of the Museum will run the grand staircase leading to the second floor, when the visitor will be landed in the magnificent room extending the entire length of the building devoted to the Cabinets of Natural History, Geology, Mineralogy, Botany, Antiquities, etc. In the rear of this room will be the lecture rooms for the classes of Geology and Mineralogy, on the south; and of Botany, Physiology, and Zoölogy, on the north.

The laying of the corner-stone of the building will take place on Wednesday, the 20th, and will form one of the most noted features of Commencement week, as it will mark the great increase that the years have brought in the efficiency and the standing of the Scientific department of the University.

The St. Cecilians' Banquet.

Last Tuesday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association gave its twenty-fifth Annual Banquet. As this is the year of its "Silver Jubilee," preparations had been made on an unusually extended scale to make this "Jubilee" banquet the grandest affair of its kind ever held at Notre Dame, and that these efforts were successful even beyond expectation was the unanimous judgment of all who had the good fortune to attend. The banquet was given in the Juniors' Dining Hall, which had been handsomely and artistically decorated for the occasion by the good Sisters, whose taste and skill in such work need no comment. Festoons and wreaths of evergreen, ornamented with beautiful flowers, ran around the walls, crossing pendent from the ceiling over the tables. Immediately over the main entrance was suspended the Flag of our Union, supported on either side by the Papal Flag and the green Flag of Erin. The tables, too, were decorated, but in a different manner, and these decorations, unlike the others, did not survive the repast. It would be impossible to give any description of all that had been procured to please the inner man. Suffice it to say the best that the market held and all that taste could suggest had been provided, and prepared as only the Sisters in charge of the *cuisine* know how.

Everything was ready at the time appointed, and the members of the Society assembled, with a large number of invited guests, among whom were Very Rev. Father General, who presided at the banquet, Very Rev. President Walsh, Very Rev. Fathers Rézé and Granger, Rev. Vice-President Toohey, Rev. Fathers Hagerty, of South Bend; Oechtering, of Mishawaka; Zahm, '71, Franciscus, O'Hanlon, Giles, and O'Brien, of Notre Dame; Hon. Lucius G. Tong, Aaron Jones, C. Fassett, F. M. Townsend, of the *Register*, and R. H. Lyon, of the *Tribune*, South Bend; David J. Wile, '77, Laporte, Ind.; John G. Ewing, '77, Lancaster, Ohio; Col. Boone, Colorado; Professors

Gregori, McSweeney, McCormack, and Hoynes, and many others whose names we did not learn.

During the banquet, the Band and Orchestra, under the direction of Prof. Paul, discoursed choice music.

After due justice had been done the good things with which the tables had been loaded, Master A. A. Browne arose and proposed the following toasts:

OUR HOLY FATHER, POPE LEO THE XIII.—The support and defender of Christian truth amid the assaults of a materialistic and skeptical age. May he live to behold the complete triumph of Christianity over the enemies of religion and virtue.

Responded to by Rev. President Walsh.

THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, OUR ALMA MATER.—Yearly growing in beauty and magnitude. May her progress be attended by the same cheering success as have distinguished her rise.

Rev. A. B. Oechtering, in replying to this toast, said he had known Notre Dame for twenty-three years. He spoke of the old College building, and of the Professors, many of whom are not here today. In his opinion, the fame of a college or university does not consist so much in its walls and buildings as in the treasure of knowledge imparted there, in the learned professors in every branch, with clear, strong, intellectual minds, and the industrious students who come to learn from them. From these old halls of learning great men went forth. The fame of Notre Dame, he said, was spread far and wide through this country on account of the young men she had sent out, and the name and fame they had acquired.

THE HIERARCHY AND CLERGY.—The shepherds of Christ's flock. Ever true to the post of duty; ever vigilant against the dangers that threaten their sacred charge. May their hands be strengthened, and their days be lengthened.

Rev. Father O'Brien said the American hierarchy is indeed illustrious. In the history of the American Church this fact stands out too prominently to be mistaken. In the long list of its members were to be found the names of such men as Hughes, and England, Flaget, Timon, Bruté, Kenrick, and Spalding, that had "left their foot-prints on the sands of time."

OUR COUNTRY AND HER CHIEF MAGISTRATE.—*Vivat et respublica, et qui illam regit!* May the chivalrous name of Arthur be crowned with new laurels by him who at present stands at the helm of the ship of the State.

Eloquently responded to by Rev. Father Giles, who said: "Our country will be the subject for the songs of future generations. Her progress in science and learning has been unprecedented. But her progress towards God should be the most cherished wish of our hearts, for then we may be sure that our people will progress in a moral sense."

OUR COLLEGE DAYS.—The germ of a future career. May their remembrance sweeten our hours of struggle in a world of strife, and their lessons be a lamp to our path through life.

Responded to by John G. Ewing, '77, Lancaster, Ohio. "The now sweet recollections of my school-days," said the speaker, "so crowd upon me that I can hardly find words to express my thoughts. Our college days are undoubtedly the

happiest of our lives. I remember, young gentlemen, that when I used to sit here, a student, listening to the remarks made on occasions similar to this, I little dreamed how in the future we would look back to our college days, or that the days of our youth are the happiest of our lives."

OUR SOCIETIES.—Religious, Dramatic, Literary, Athletic. Each useful in its own sphere, and each crowned with its meed of praise. May the spirit that has animated their past preside with renewed vigor over the future.

Rev. Father Toohey paid the Societies of the College a handsome compliment for the spirit of emulation they fostered, and said he found this a useful factor in preserving and elevating the college discipline.

THE PRESS.—The exponent of civilization and the guardian of popular right. May it ever recognize the duties of its exalted mission, and unshrinkingly fulfil them.

Prof. Hoynes spoke with much force and eloquence on the power of the press. He said the press was one of the most important aids in the spread of knowledge and civilization, and even exerted a strong influence in shaping legislation. He regretted, however, that the power of the press was often seriously abused, and hoped that wholesome influences would be brought to bear upon it by the rising and future generations.

THE GREAT WEST.—The land of the setting sun. The hope of the homeless, and the theatre of well-directed energies. May its exhaustless opportunities be continually opened to the needs of humanity and civilization.

Responded to by Rev. Father Zahm, in a witty and apposite speech.

OUR BOYS.

Mr. David J. Wilé, '77, replied in most felicitous style. He looked back with pleasure to the days of 1867, when he had the honor to enter the University of Notre Dame. He was then a St. Cecilian, and took an active part in the proceedings of this and the other societies. He was surprised and pained to hear Prof. Lyons say that he intended to vacate the presidential chair with the close of the present term, but it was some consolation to know that he had formed the same resolution regularly every year for the last sixteen years, and had as often broken it. He spoke eloquently and at length on the true guides to success in after-life.

OUR INVITED GUESTS.—Happy to meet; sorry to part, and happy to meet again.

Responded to by George E. Clarke, '83.

CHRISTIAN ART.—The instructor of the illiterate and the delight of the learned. May its dogmas ever meet with worthy interpreters.

Response, by Mr. Townsend, of the *South Bend Register*, who said he was greatly surprised, agreeably surprised at the provisions made at the College for the students, spoke of the reading-rooms, etc.; but what pleased him most was what may be in the future the centre of religious art for this country, in the work of a master-hand—that of Prof. Gregori—which he saw around him in the College buildings. Religion had always been the inspirer of art, always encouraged and fostered it, and he was glad to see it awakening in this country.

Amid all the rejoicings in connection with the celebration of their own Silver Jubilee, the Cecilians did not forget that the day brought also with it the Silver Jubilee of their worthy President, Prof. J. A. Lyons. And so, when the last toast had been read and responded to, Master A. A. Browne arose, and in behalf of his own society—the St. Cecilians—and other Junior societies who had united in this testimonial, delivered a beautiful address congratulating Prof. Lyons upon the occurrence of his "Silver" anniversary, and finally presenting him with tokens of esteem and affection from his youthful charges. The genial Professor was completely taken by surprise, but was equal to the emergency, and, in his own happy manner, briefly expressed his thanks. The testimonial consisted of an elegant silver salver from the St. Cecilians; a silver card-receiver from the Philopatrians; and a silver and gold smoking-set from the Director and members of the Junior Crescent Club. It was a happy ending to a reunion which will long be remembered by all who participated.

We beg leave to unite our own to the many congratulations of which Prof. Lyons was the recipient on that day. We unite with his many friends in expressing the hope that he may have health and length of days to celebrate his "golden jubilee," and that it may find him as actively, energetically and vigorously directing the St. Cecilians and training the youthful minds of the world-renowned Notre Dame when the next century dawns upon the world.

We must not forget to mention a pleasing *divertissement* during the progress of the feast, caused by Prof. Lyons passing around among the members of the Society slices of cake, in one of which was hidden a ring. The finder of this trophy would be "King of the Day," with all that title implied for the student. The happy finder was Master J. Hugh Bush, of Denver, Colorado, who immediately took charge of his youthful subjects. The ring is an elegant specimen, 18 carats fine, with a diamond and pearl setting: it will be a handsome and interesting *souvenir* of a happy occasion.

Long live the Cecilians and their worthy President!

Exchanges.

(Continued from page 631.)

—*The Dial* is a skilfully cut and polished gem in the periodical literature of its class, and its monthly visits are always a treat. Last month we had a charming review, with choice selections from the "Letters of Jane Welsh-Carlyle"; this month "Some Recollections of Distinguished People," from the recently published work of S. C. Hall, F. S. A., for more than forty years the editor of the *London Art Journal*. Those who wish to spend some pleasant hours with books and authors should subscribe for *The Dial*. Published

by Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago. Subscription, \$1.50 a year.

—Among our regular stenographic exchanges are *Browne's Phonographic Monthly*, of New York, *The Student's Journal*, published by Andrew J. Graham, New York, and Lindsley's *Shorthand Writer*, Plainfield, N. J., each representing different modifications of Isaac Pitman's Phonography, and claiming to be improvements upon it. The strongest claim to improvement is, in our opinion, that made by Elias Longley, of Cincinnati, in his *Phonetic Educator*, now a monthly magazine, but even here the claim to improvement rests upon a doubtful basis. We think highly of some of Mr. Longley's devices, but not of all. After writing the above, we noticed the omission of *The Phonetic Journal*, a 16-page weekly published and edited by Isaac Pitman, Bath, England, at \$1.50 a year, the cheapest and best phonographic paper published anywhere.

—*The American Shorthand Writer* (i. e., Rowell & Hickcox's one, from the "Hub"—there are so many *Shorthand Writers* now that it is hard to distinguish which from t'other) continues steadily to improve. In the current number, "Armicus" calls the attention of stenographers and others to several truths relating to the art, one of the most striking of which is that "a little shorthand is a dangerous as well as a useless thing." And so it is; but it is also surprising how very little of it some people can get on with, and make money of, as may be seen from some of the fac-simile notes in the stenographic magazines. Many of the writers, evidently, never took a course in shorthand and are as awkward at it as a horny-handed son of toil is at the pen. With a clear head and a good education, a little shorthand will very often prove a great boon. The review of "The Phonographic Press," lately introduced in the *Writer*, is a valuable department, as are also the "Phrases and Contractions," fac-simile notes, etc. The "Lessons in Shorthand" have reached the 16th number, introducing reading lessons from the Manual of Phonography. Those who wish to learn the best system of shorthand extant—that of Isaac Pitman, the inventor of Phonography—will do well to write to Rowell & Hickcox, 409 Washington street, Boston, Mass., who will courteously give them all the necessary information.

Personal.

—George Tourtillotte (Prep.), '81, is now in Australia.

—Thomas Lonergan, '61, is editor of the *Hotel Mail*, New York City.

—W. A. Thoma, '69, is one of the leading lawyers in Nashville, Tenn.

—Tob. Schofield (Com'l), '81, writes that he will be here for Commencement.

—Frederick Klaner (Commercial), '75, and lady visited Notre Dame the past week.

—Thos. Hooley (Com'l), '75, is cashier for his father, at Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, Ill.

—Ivo. W. Buddeke, M. D., of '69, is one of the leading physicians in Memphis, Tennessee.

—Clarence Faxon (Com'l), '77, is in the wall-paper business with his father, in Chicago.

—Chas. Ortmyer (Commercial), '70, is in the saddlery business with his father, in Chicago.

—Otto Ludwig (Commercial), '74, visited the College this week. Otto is in business in Chicago.

—E. W. Grout (Com'l), '81, holds a paying position in "Gents Furnishing Store" at Denver, Col.

—Frank Shallenberger (Com'l), '71, is doing a wholesale clothing business in Nashville, Tenn.

—Frank Weisenberger (Com'l), '74, passed a day at the College last week. He is in business in Toledo, and happy and prosperous.

—Samuel W. Studebaker, of '75, is one of the firm of the Studebaker Brothers, South Bend, whose wagon and carriage works are the largest in the world.

—Caspar B. Kuhn, '70, is City Auditor of Nashville, Tenn. He writes that he and a number of old students and friends will be here at the Commencement exercises. The more the merrier.

—John P. Quinn, '79, Peoria, Ill., was elevated to the diaconate at the Trinity ordination, in St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. As it is only now the news reaches us, indirectly, we present our congratulations at this late day.

Local Items.

—"Sit down, please."

—The end draws near.

—Only four (4) days more!

—The tailor shop is crowded with work.

—The "bulletin" furnishes no weather reports.

—Little Hib. got the medal in 1st Gram. Prep.

—The St. Cecilians' Banquet was *ne plus ultra*.

—Euglossians next Monday. Greek play on Tuesday.

—Don't forget to send us "Personals" and "Locals."

—The "noble judge" and the "warrior bold" were absent.

—There was rain every day this month up to Wednesday.

—Everything is being put to rights for Commencement.

—The Cecilians celebrated their Silver Jubilee with great *éclat*.

—The choruses in the Greek play are hard at work rehearsing.

—The clerk of the weather respecteth neither prince nor people.

—Dick doesn't seem to know what to make of all this excitement.

—Next Thursday is the Feast of St. Aloysius, the Patron of Youth.

—Neat and elegant invitations were sent out to the Cecilians' banquet.

—The "Princes" could not have been boarded at the Farm much longer.

—His coat, umbrella and hat were much admired, particularly the latter.

—The Knights of St. Edward conducted themselves right royally on the 12th.

—Fresh supplies were sent the storm-bound "Princes" last Sunday evening.

—The Juniors' Temperance Union will spend to-morrow at St. Joseph's Farm.

—The statues in the lawn in front of the College now present a fine appearance.

—The Euglossians will appear in an Oratorical Contest, next Monday, at 7.30, p. m.

—Call for your SCHOLASTIC next Thursday morning, after the exercises in the hall.

—There are indications that the attendance at Commencement will be unusually large.

—The next issue of the SCHOLASTIC will be ready for distribution at ten (10) o'clock on Thursday morning.

—Father General brought an interesting collection of specimens from France for the department of Mineralogy.

—As it was the Cecilians' "Jubilee" Banquet, we give an unusual amount of space to the report of the festivities.

—Familiar faces appear in Gregori's new mural painting. We can hardly realize that our genial Senior member of the Faculty crossed over with Columbus.

—The Seniors enjoyed a grand *Fête champêtre* last Thursday, in the grove back of the Professed House. A full report of the proceedings will appear in our next.

—The Hellenists have sent out elegant invitations to their presentation of the Antigone. They propound the following interesting conundrum:

"οὐχ ἦδὲ χρυσὴς ἀξία τιμῆς λαχέιν;"

—The examinations will be continued up to Tuesday afternoon. The "averages" will be read on Tuesday evening, and published in the SCHOLASTIC which will appear after Commencement.

—Rev. Father Zahm's Lecture on "The Church and Modern Science" has been translated into French by the Abbé Moigno, the celebrated scientist, and published in his paper, *Cosmos: Les Mondes*.

—Rev. Father Rochie, C. S. C., pastor of St. Vincent's, near Fort Wayne, has the thanks of the Librarian for a fine donation to the Lemonnier Library: Gabourd's *Histoire de France*, 24 Vols., elegantly bound.

—Messrs. Solon and Porter, of the Senior and Junior branches of the local temperance organization, attended the Annual State Convention of the Temperance Union at Terre Haute. They were accompanied by the Rev. T. McNamara, C. S. C., President of the Junior branch.

—The St. Cecilians return thanks to Bros. Leander and Lawrence, Prof. Edwards, and to the Band and Orchestra, for favors in connection with their last exhibition. They also express their thanks to Rev. President Walsh for many kind favors in connection with their banquet.

—We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of an invitation to the Fifteenth Annual Commencement of the Academy of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, near Ft. Wayne, Ind. The programme indicates that the exercises will be of a high order of merit, and very interesting to all who attend.

—A royal party of Indians of the Iroquois tribe, among whom were the Prince and Princess, visited the *Palace* last week. They sang some Indian and English songs for the young *Princes* of Notre Dame, related some interesting incidents of Indian life, and, altogether, delighted the Minims by their visit.

—The "Hardly Ables," pursuant to agreement, met on the campus last Sunday afternoon to play a match game of ball. The game opened with Larkin "on deck" and Cleary "in the hole." Shortly after this brilliant opening, a rain storm came up and the umpire stepped down, and the players went out. More anon.

—The corner-stone of the new Science Hall, which will be laid next Wednesday, will be an object of particular interest from the fact that it is a mineral curiosity, and the donation of Notre Dame's first Scientific Graduate, Dr. John M. Cassidy, '65, of South Bend. The specimen is a beautiful conglomerate, containing lucid and colored quartz pebbles, and was procured in northern Michigan. We understand that other students of the Scientific Course have promised to contribute specimens of marble and granite, from various parts of the country, with which to adorn portions of the exterior and interior of the building, in the way of columns, pediments, etc.

—The following is the general order of exercises for Commencement week:

Monday evening.....Euglossians
Tuesday ".....Greek Play

WEDNESDAY.

8 a. m. Alumni Mass
10 " " Laying of the Corner Stone of Science Hall
11 " " Alumni Meeting
1 p. m. Alumni Banquet
2 " " Ball Match
4 " " Regatta
7 " " Exercises in Washington Hall—The Operetta,
Alumni Oration and Poem, Distribution of Premiums.

THURSDAY.

8 a. m.—Cantata, Valedictory, Oration of the Day and Conferring of Degrees, Class Medals, etc., etc.
GRAND FINALE—"Home, Sweet Home!"

—It having been learned that Father General objected to the name of the new Park, the "Princes" called a "mass meeting," at which several of the wise heads of the "Palace" attended. After serious consideration, it was decided that a committee wait on Father General, and inform him that the convention would only be willing to alter the name on condition that it would be called **SORIN PARK**. He protested; whereupon the committee

told him that the opinion of the convention was that the "Princes" should be free to give their Park whatever name they pleased. Seeing their determination, and fearing to incur the displeasure of such a body, he said he would withdraw his objection. When the committee returned with the announcement there was immense applause, and the name ST. EDWARD'S PARK is now fixed and irrevocable.

—On Monday evening, the Euglossians will present the following

PROGRAMME:

Music.....	Orchestra
Oration.....	C. A. Tinley
Song—"Dreaming the Happy Hours Away".....	Orpheonics
"The Handsomest of All".....	J. R. Marlette
"The Day is Done".....	T. Flynn
"Loyalty".....	A. A. Browne
Duet.....	F. Johnson, W. Schott
"State Sovereignty".....	J. Solon
Personation.....	H. H. Noble
"Heroism".....	W. J. McCarthy
"The Soldier's Pardon".....	E. A. Otis
Flute Solo—"Les Diamants de la Couronne".....	D. Saviers
Accompanied by Orchestra.	
"Progress".....	J. P. O'Neill
Address to the Jury.....	Otis Spencer
"The Gladiators".....	D. Saviers
Oration.....	A. Zahm
Scene from Richard III.....	W. Cleary, J. B. O'Reilly
Music.....	Orchestra

—The Minims, with their teachers, prefects and a few invited guests, enjoyed a grand excursion to St. Joseph's Farm on the 10th. This trip, which had been twice postponed on account of the weather, was, in some respects, a romantic, in every respect, a pleasant one. The morning was foggy; but about 9 o'clock the sun began to dispel the lowering clouds, and the merry crowd were soon enjoying the beautiful rural scenery between the College and Farm. In a short time the latter locality was reached, where the order of the day usual upon such occasions was duly observed. About 4 o'clock, the rain began to fall heavily and continued with but a few slight interruptions until 9 p. m. After supper, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Rev. Father McNamara, who was one of the party. Owing to the storm, it was decided not to venture a return that night. It is needless to say that this decision was received with marked approbation by the boys. Soon, busy hands were engaged in preparing over 80 extra beds. Every room in the spacious edifice and every article of bedding were brought into requisition. After a sound sleep and a hearty breakfast, they returned home by "slow stages." Taken, all in all, the day and night spent at the Farm will never be forgotten by the Minims of '83.

—Rev. Fr. Zahm has made arrangements to take the Colorado students to Denver on a special Pullman which he has chartered for their exclusive use. He has secured a coach after Mr. Pullman's latest designs and one that is just from the shops. It is furnished in luxurious style, and is provided with a drawing-room, buffet, and all the conveniences of the latest of Pullman's moving palaces, and is said to be one of the finest coaches in the country. The car will be put on at South

Bend, and taken from the Michigan Southern track to the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road by a special engine. From Chicago the car will go to Denver over the C. B. & Q. road, the only through line from Chicago to Denver, and from the time the party leaves South Bend until it reaches Denver, there will be no change, and no occasion even to leave the car. The party are making arrangements to have a grand picnic from the time of starting until they reach their destination. They will leave South Bend at eight o'clock, Friday morning, the 22d inst., and arrive in Denver, Sunday morning, about eight o'clock—the entire trip by the Fast Express, lasting just forty-eight hours. From what we have learned, there will be in the neighborhood of forty in the party, and from our knowledge of those composing it, we are sure they are going to have a jolly time. Fr. Zahm, who will have the party in charge, is determined to make it one of the most enjoyable excursions, as it will certainly be one of the most unique, that has ever been gotten up in the West. *Bon voyage!*

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ashford, Anderson, Arnold, Black, Bowers, Brady, Burns, J. Burke, Buchanan, Banigan, Coll, J. Carroll, C. Carroll, Cleary, A. Coghlin, Conway, Cella, Campbell, Clements, Claffey, Eisenhauer, Fitzgerald, T. Fenlon, Fleming, Farrell, F. Gallagher, J. Gallagher, Gray, Grever, Golonski, Godfroy, Gooley, Grout, Galarnean, Harris, Kleiber, Kolars, Kimmell, Köhler, Kuhn, Kavanagh, Larkin, Molloy, W. J. McCarthy, W. H. McCarthy, Meyer, McCabe, Monaghan, McErlaine, Mullen, S. Murdock, C. Murdock, Magoffin, Morse, T. McNamara, J. McNamara, Morris, Martin, Neeson, Newman, Ott, O'Dea, Orchard, O'Connor, O'Neill, Otis, O'Reilly, Pour, Parrott, Pillars, Peters, Rogers, Ruger, W. Ryan, Rudge, Spencer, C. Smith, G. Smith, Saviers, Solon, Terrazas, Twohig, Veale, Whalen, Warner, Wall, Yrisarri, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Arnold, Brice, Browne, Berthelet, Bacon, Braunsdorf, Droste, Dolan, De Haven, Dunn, Duffin, Divine, Eisenhauer, M. Foote, H. Foote, Fehr, Fishel, Foster, Fisher, Grothaus, Gerlach, Hagerty, W. Henry, Hibbeler, Hess, Halligan, Hannavin, Holbrook, Hagen, Howard, W. Hetz, Handy, Jeannot, Kahmann, Kerndt, Kengel, J. Kelly, M. Kelly, Livingston, McCawley, Mug, Metz, McGordon, McDonnell, Mulkern, Miller, D. O'Connor, Porter, Rothschild, Reach, Schott, Schillo, Smith, Seegers, Stark, Schaeffer, Talbot, Taylor, Violette, Wilkinson, Wright, Wallace, Weber, Warren, Zeigler, Cain, Caveroc, Nester, Hagenbarth.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Anglin, Adams, Ackerman, Beall, Bunker, Chaves, Cummings, Colwell, G. Costigan, E. Costigan, Coad, Crawford, Dirksmeyer, Devereux, W. Devine, A. Devine, Delaplane, Dungan, Fix, Hopkins, Huestis, Harris, Hynes, Johnson, Kelly, Kellner, Krause, Keeffe, Kane, Luther, Landenwich, B. Lindsey, C. Lindsey, Lare, McNaughton, McKey, McGordon, McPhee, McGuire, E. McGrath, J. McGrath, J. J. McGrath, Metz, Morrison, Moss, Masi, F. Mullen, A. Mullen, Nusbaum, Nester, Noonan, F. Otis, B. Otis, T. Otis, Papin, W. Prindiville, D. Prindiville, Quinlin, Rebori, Roberts, Spencer, Stange, Smith, Stewart, Sommers, Schmitz, Studebaker, G. Stamm, F. Stamm, Schmauss, Schicker, Thomas, W. Tomlinson, C. Tomlinson, W. Walsh, E. Walsh, Welch, Wright, Warner, Whitney, L. Young, C. Young.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Those who were so fortunate as to draw for the Juniors' badge in polite and lady-like deportment are the following: Josephine Spengler, Elizabeth Dignan, Mary Dillon, Clara Richmond, Elizabeth Considine, Minnie Schmidt, Ada Shephard, Effie Johnston, Dora Best, Manuelita Chaves, and Mary Hetz. Clara Richmond was the fortunate winner of the prize.

—Among the visitors of the week were: Rev. P. E. Foley, Salt Lake, Utah; Mrs. Crawford, Dallas, Texas; Mr. Ryan, Leavenworth, Kansas; Mrs. Shephard, Arlington, Neb.; Mrs. McKinnon, Eau Claire, Wis.; Mrs. C. and Mrs. P. Studebaker, Mrs. Miller, South Bend; Mr. and Mrs. Hennecke, Milwaukee, Wis.; Wm. Leydon, Chicago; Chief Ah-won-na-teek, Dro Sa-you-na, Princess Vir-o-qua and Prince Of-ra—a royal Indian party; Miss Walsh, La Salle, Ill.; Rev. J. Millander, South Bend; Mrs. Field, Atlanta, Ga.

—The examination of the music classes commenced on the 6th and closed on the 13th. Every class was strictly scrutinized by the full corps of teachers, and marked according to the progress made since the last examination—*scales, finger-exercises* and *sonatinas* in the lower grades; *sonatas* by Beethoven, Haydn and Mozart; classic music by the best composers. Descriptive and *Fantasia Braviera* styles, with works of Liszt, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Hummel, Schumann, and Schubert, were played in the higher grades. The result will be known by the premiums given on Commencement Day.

—On Sunday, at two o'clock, p. m., our venerated Father General received a heartfelt welcome from his children at St. Mary's. Miss Anna Murphy recited a graceful poetical greeting in English; Miss Clara Ginz read a short address of welcome in German; Miss Marion Morgan one in French; Miss Manuelita Chaves, one in Spanish, and Miss Lilian Van Horn one in Italian. The Very Rev. Father thanked all for their prayers, and numerous letters, which, he declared, he had read and re-read many times. He also related many interesting incidents connected with his travels. On Monday morning he said Mass for the Children of Mary in the Chapel of Loreto. The instruction was on the feast of the day, namely, that of St. Barnabas.

Lustra Painting: A New Art.

Extract from London Correspondence of "The Art Amateur."

It is probable that the new and attractive art of lustra painting is entirely unknown in America, as it has been but for a short time before the English public, and the inventor, Mr. James Elliott, who is an artist of repute and has a true artist's respect

for his work, refuses to allow it to go into shops or any of the world's common markets of human ingenuity and skill. Hence it has made its way to public recognition solely through its own merits and from its own "coigns of vantage" in the churches, mansions, and palaces which it decorates.

It is always difficult to describe in writing, artistic work of which no conception already exists in the reader's mind. Particularly is it difficult in this case, the great novelty and charm of the work being perhaps not more form and color than effect, and artistic effects are usually indescribable. In form and color, the work may be made as pure and delicate or as opulent and splendid as individual taste and skill may direct.

Lustra painting may be used for almost everything susceptible of ornamentation. It can be applied to every fabric from velvet to linen—for curtains, screens, portieres, dados, friezes, wall panels, etc.

The effect of the work is like that of the richest velvet *appliqué* or most ethereal needle-work, shot through and through by a wonderful iridescence as of sparkling powdered gems. This iridescence is as remote from tawdry shining as diamond lustre is from polished glass, and would have an added charm in sunny America over those it already has in dull England. It is peculiarly effective in bright artificial light, and thus well adapted to the enriching of state dresses as well as to the decoration of dessert table-cloths, for which latter purpose it is, at this very time of writing, being put to use by the busy, artistic fingers of Princess Beatrice, for the dining-hall of Balmoral Castle.

Elaborate piano-cloths decorated with it have already been ordered from India. I have seen a beautiful object decorated by this art, for another and gloomier purpose. It was a large square of creamy white cloth, thick and soft as cloth could be, painted with pearly shimmering lilies, and large, dewy, green leaves, and was intended for the coffin cover of a millionaire's only child.

There is more than one way of lustra decoration. Usually the painting is combined with outlines done in silk in plain crewel stitch, although often it is used with no embroidery lines at all. In the latter case, the painting is flatter, more dreamy or spectral in effect, and particularly adapted to the style of decoration which the Japanese and mediæval tastes of the day have declared shall be high art.

When the painting is combined with embroidery stitch, the effect is much more gorgeous; the high relief becoming sculptural, and sculptured gems at that. The pattern is outlined, and all the fine sprays, tendrils and vernings of leaves wrought with silk on crewel stitch. These outlines are then with the sparkling paint-loaded brush filled in with heavy impasto up to the level of the wrought line; the embroidered forms and lines are always preserved, visible to the eye, and give the work much the look, although far more splendid, of the *appliqué* embroidery one sees on the "Cinq Mars" bed canopies and hangings in the Cluny at Paris.

One of the most beautiful objects in this style of work that I have seen was a folding screen of fire panels. The ground was of a pale, grey satin, with the very finest possible dream of a rose-flush over it, and the paintings were alternately flowers and foliage of the horse-chestnut, pomegranates and foliage tiger-lilies, sun flowers, and ripe grapes, all treated so decoratively and with such just subordination of nature to art, and with such a perfect sense of tone even with such varying color, that it was a delight to the eye, as well as a wonder to the mind that it was all so quickly and easily done.

There was also a *portière* of dull, crimson silk painted in gold, with a conventional *Renaissance* pattern, Roman vases and arabesque designs of flowers, fruit and foliage such as exist nowhere on earth save in art.

LUSTRA PAINTING INTRODUCED AT ST. MARY'S.

The above notice appeared in the Nov. No. of *The Art Amateur*. St. Luke's Art Institute at St. Mary's immediately opened a correspondence with the proper person, to obtain the materials and written instructions for developing this new style of painting among its pupils. The design and the material for "the dessert cloth," the *portière* and the "screens" mentioned in the above article from the London Correspondence have been procured, and here, in "sunny America," as already in "dull England," these derivative designs will go forth at the close of the present scholastic year as the work of St. Mary's artists.

Roll of Honor.

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JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Alexander, Best, Brown, Barry, Considine, Chaves, Dignan, Dillon, Duffield, Ewing, A. English, Fisk, Fehr, Fritchman, Hibben, Halsey, Hetz, T. Haney, Johnston, Keifer, Lucas, Morrison, Morgan, McGrath, Moshier, Naylor, Mary Otis, Rodgers, Robinson, Spengler, Shephard, Schmidt, Snowhook, Van Horn, Wallace.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Burtis, Chapin, English, Lindsey, McGrath, McKennon, Morley, Otis, Prescott, Paul, A. Schmauss.

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On and after Sunday, May 27, 1883, trains will leave South Bend, as follows:

GOING EAST:

2.32 a.m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 9.50 a.m.; Cleveland, 2.25 p.m.; Buffalo, 8.00 p.m.

11.23 a.m. Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5.35 p.m.; Cleveland, 10.10 p.m.; Buffalo, 3.55 a.m.

9.10 p.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2.45 a.m.; Cleveland, 7.05 a.m.; Buffalo, 1.10 p.m.

12.20 p.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line arrives at Toledo, 5.40 p.m. Cleveland, 10.10 p.m.; Buffalo 3.55 a.m.

6.21 p.m. Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo, 10.28 p.m.; Cleveland, 1.35 a.m.; Buffalo, 7.05 a.m.

GOING WEST:

2.32 a.m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte, 3.25 a.m. Chicago, 6.10 a.m.

4.55 a.m. Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.50 a.m. Chicago, 8.20 a.m.

7.40 a.m. Limited Express. Arrives at Laporte, 8.20 a.m. Chicago, 10.40 a.m.

1.30 p.m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.30 p.m.; Chesterton, 3.15 p.m.; Chicago, 5.00 p.m.

4.35 p.m. Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.22 p.m.; Chicago, 8.00 p.m.

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